AN EPITHALAMIUM

BEING

STANZAS

ON THE

Moſt *Auſpicious* NUPTIALS of the Right Honourable the *Marqueſs* of *CARMARTHEN*, and the Lady *ELIZABETH HARLEY*, Eldeſt Daughter of the Moſt Honourable the Earl of OXFORD, and Earl MORTIMER, Lord High Treaſurer of GREAT-BRITAIN, and Knight of the moſt Noble ORDER of the GARTER.

The 14th Day of DECEMBER

Tu Vitæ Juvenis in manus
Floridam ipſe Puellulam
Matris è gremio ſuæ
Dedis: O Hymenæe Hymen,
Hymen O Hymenæe.
—— Quis Hoc Deo
Comparatior unquam? Catull.

By Mr. *H. C.*

LONDON:

Printed for *John Marpeau* near *Salisbury-Houſe*.

AN

EPITHALAMIUM.

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STANZAS

ON THE

MOST AUSPICIOUS NUPTIALS of the Right

Honourable the Marquis of CARMARTHEN,

and the Lady ELIZABETH HAMILTON,

Eldest Daughter of the Most Honourable the Earl of

ORKNEY, and Lord MORTIMER, Lord High-

Treasurer of GREAT-BRITAIN, and Knight of the

most Noble ORDER of the GARTER.

BRITISH MUSEUM

By Mr. H. G.

LONDON:

Printed for John Hughs, at near Stationers-Hall. MDCCXII.

Price four Pence.

AN
EPITHALAMIUM, &c.

SToutly *Fought*, and bravely *Won!*
The rich, but ſtubborn *Town*,
Long *inveſted*, now's your *own*.

'Twas a *Sharp*, but *Glorious* Day,
Fierce the Storm, *vaſt* the Prey.
Enter, and thy ſelf *repay*.

Enter, brave CARMARTHEN! ſeize
Such *Magazines* of Bliſs,
Gods would *combate* to poſſeſs.

Though *inflexible* the DAME,
Nought cou'd reſiſt *Thy Flame*,
Nought that *gentle Fury* tame.

Heav'n it ſelf *ſo* forc'd does yield,
Heav'n's but a glorious *Field*,
Conquer'd once, becomes our *Shield*.

So ſhall *this* bleſt VICTORY,
Happy CARMARTHEN, be
Shield, and *Buckler* unto *Thee*.

Pow'rs that ne'er can be withſtood,
Mixt Force of *Fair*, and *Good*,
You will find in HARLEY's Blood:

HARLEY's Blood, with which *Heav'n*'s Will
Is *Thy* bleſt *Houſe* to fill,
Ruffians ſtrive in *vain* to ſpill.

'Tis decreed a *Glorious Line*
In *diſtant* Times ſhall ſhine
From ELISA's Loins, and THINE.

Gentle LOVE prepares a *Feaſt*,
CARMARTHEN, *Thou*'rt addreſt
Firſt to be, and *only* Gueſt.

Noble YOUTH, fall on, *nor* ſpare
The Noble bluſhing *Fair*,
She affords *Herſelf* thy *Cheer*.

Should'ſt *Thou* ſpare here, 'twou'd be ſaid
The lovely yielding MAID
Was not *Conquer'd*, but *Betray'd*.

Spotleſs Virgin, *beauteous* Bride,
Now *deign* to lay aſide
What before was *decent* Pride.

Let no *ſparkling* GEMS that Face
Adorn, whoſe *Native* Grace
Leaves for no ſuch *Toys* a Place.

Suns in *Summer*-Mornings riſe,
In cleareſt *Winter*-Skies
Stars, leſs *ſparkling* than thoſe Eyes

No wreath'd *Flow'rs* thy *Temples* wear,
Thoſe *lovely* Twines of *Hair*,
Finer than all *Garlands* are.

And why ſhou'd the *Roſe* be brought
Where *Scarlet* were a *Spot*,
Juice of *Carmine* but a *Blot*.

Take not *ev'n* the *Jeſſamin*
Only let *Ever-green*
(*Emblem* of *Your* Loves) be ſeen.

Under it's *fair* Shadow let
In *gay* Confuſion ſet,
Thoſe *white* LILLIES ſhine in *Jet*.

WINE *no Courage* need inſpire,
The *glowing* YOUTH has *Fire*
Thoſe EYES only can raiſe *higher*.

Nor more can the *am'rous* Vine,
Than ſhew how *He* will twine,
Round thoſe *tender* Limbs of *Thine*.

Nor of MUSICK *here* is need,
Each *Word* that does proceed
From the Mouth of *this* fair Bride,

All *harmonious* MUSICK is,
Each Ear it raviſhes,
Gives *each* Soul a Taſte of *Bliſs*!

But, oh! when her Harp She brings,
How *ſoft* She *ſhakes* the Strings
(As She *looks*) like Angels *ſings*!

Signior NICOLINI's *Voice*,
If *here*, wou'd be but *Noiſe*;
Nor, like Hers, a *Paſſion* raiſe.

Inauſpicious EUNUCHS, come
Not near this *Genial* Room:
This is LOVE's *prolifick* Dome!

Let no MYRRHS their *Odours* ſpread,
Nor Scents *perfume* the *Bed*
To which *ſweet* ELISA's led.

Nature's *ſoft*, and *blooming* Care,
Be but as *kind*, as *fair*,
And *Eſſential* Sweets are *there*.

No *Brocado'd* Silks compoſe
That Bed, nor *Gold* the Cloaths,
Theſe will (all) their *Splendour* loſe.

Let, *fair* Bride, *thy beauteous* Face
With *Smiles* the *Pillow* grace,
Thoſe all Furniture *ſurpaſs*.

Envy

Envy not the GROOM his *Prize*,
Not *only* in thoſe EYES
His *unbounded* Treaſure lies.

Nor is't in thoſe LIPS *alone*,
Tho' *there* the Joy's *begun*,
It muſt have *Completion*.

Nor *alone* that *ſnowy* BREAST,
Which *gently* muſt be *preſt*:
Paſs in *Silence*, *Muſe*, the *reſt*.

Yield, and take a Welcome *kind*,
Leſs *reſerv'd*, more *refin'd*
All the Joys you *give*, you'll *find*.

Fear not to *exhauſt* LOVE's *Store*,
More you *love*, ſtill the more
Growing LOVE reſumes his *Power*.

LOVE's *rich* Banquet dreads no *Waſte*,
Still *conſum'd*, ſtill *increaſt*,
All your *happy* Life 'twill *laſt*.

HYMEN *grants* each *Morn*, and *Night*,
Welcome *Dark*, Welcome *Light*,
All the *whole* YEAR, for *Delight*.

Happy Lady, *happy* Youth,
For *ever* happy *Both*,
Miracles of *Love* and *Truth*!

May a *Hundred Years* be told,
BLEST PAIR! while You behold
This glad DAY; and ne'er be OLD.

Happy Bride, and Bridegroom, *Joy!*
Each YEAR ('tis all we *Pray!*)
Bless us with a *Girl*, or *Boy!*

This like *Him* will make a *Line*
Of HEROES, *this* must *shine*,
And, like *Her*, be all *Divine.*

May *kind* Heav'n Your Joys *prolong!*
Keep you *Both* ever *Young*,
Some yet *Unborn* MUSE's *Song!*

FINIS